

The Ninth Circle

Story: The Ninth Circle

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Author: cyberslavekitten

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Summary: Demyx has been sucked into the XIII Circles of Hell, but it seems to go even deeper than that when their world turns apocalyptic and he is not only fighting for his life, but for his world and new friends.

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1**

I looked around the empty street uneasily, it was far too silent. I chewed lightly on my lower lip. I started and spun around as I heard footsteps rapidly approaching. I saw a man in a suit running towards me with a look of sheer terror on his face. He shoved me out of the way, knocking me to the ground.

I scraped my hands against the sidewalk, "Fuck..." I whispered harshly. I looked up as I saw a group of eight people walking towards me. I quickly pushed myself up and touched the sitar pendant hanging from my neck.

A blue light appeared on from it and I was quickly immersed in it.

A second later I stood there; I wore a dark blue leather vest with black thread holding sleeves on loosely. My jeans were black and had blue stains covering them, my pendant turned into a larger sitar that was blue with golden spikes on the neck.

I watched as the one on the very right, he had red spiky hair and it almost seemed like the air around him was hazy. Fire erupted in his hands and seconds later he held to chakrams.

I swallowed as he ran forward, leaving a trail of fire behind him; I strummed the strings on my sitar and my eyes flashed white briefly, "Dance Water Dance!" I shouted.

Fountains of water burst from the ground, he shrieked in pain as the water put out the fire just beneath his skin. I chuckled softly before two columns of fire shot out of the water wall before me, "Burn!" he yelled loudly. I quickly dodged them, the fire lightly singed my jacket. I glared at him before I felt something hard hit the back of my head and darkness swept over me.

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2**

My eyes opened slowly and I sat up straight, I found myself on a bloody cot. I shouted in fear and jumped away, slamming against the wooden wall. I looked around and saw blood smeared across the wall. My sitar pendant was missing and I felt my heart begin to race.

I looked at the metallic blood stained down as it opened. I skipped away quickly as I saw a large man standing there; he had short brown hair and looked almost like a gorilla.

"Who the hell are you and where am I?" I shouted angrily.

He chuckled and walked over to me, grabbing me by the wrist, and yanking me out of the room. I fought against him.

But I stopped and looked around; the room I was in had been the only one on the floor. There was a set of stairs going down further, and a set of stairs going up.

He yanked me up the stairs carelessly; his grip tightening every now and then until by the time we got the final floor my hand was numb.

He released me and threw me to the ground. I looked up and saw the group I had seen earlier, but there seemed to be more. 11 in the seats before me, and the one that had pulled me up and now stood diligently behind me.

"Welcome Nine," said the man in the center. He had spiky white hair and he was slightly tan. His fingertips were pressed together and his elbows rested on the arms of his chair.

"Nine?" I asked, "Dude I have a name, and it's not a damn number," I snapped.

He smiled a little, "Well unfortunately, I don't know your name,"

"It's Demyx. D-E-M-Y-X,"

"Ha, got it memorized?" I heard from the right, I looked and saw the red headed guy who was controlling fire earlier.

"Where's my pendant," I snapped looking at the main guy again.

"Well, Ni-...Demyx, you'll have it returned to you once we're sure you don't plan on attacking any of us again," the main said as he stood up and walked over, he placed his finger beneath my chin, "Are you going to be a good boy?"

I glared at him, "Why don't you tell me who the fuck you are and why the fuck you kidnapped me to begin with," I snapped.

The man laughed boisterously, throwing his head back, "We didn't kidnap you boy," he said staring down at me.

"Then what do you call knocking someone unconscious and taking them to an undisclosed location away from his or her home?" I snapped.

He grinned, "You've got quite a vocabulary, why don't you leave the big words to 6, and you just behave yourself," he said before walking away.

"You still haven't told me who you are," I growled.

"Nor do I intend to, all you need to know are our numbers, and that you are the ninth circle, in the XIII Circles of Hell," he said looking at me over his shoulder.

He snapped his fingers and a blond chick stood up and walked over to him. Her hair was sleeked back and two pieces of her hair were pulled away slightly from the rest of her hair.

She smiled, and I saw in the first guy's hand he was clenching my pendant. I gasped and started to get up, but the big guy shoved me back down to the ground hard, slamming my face against the metal slab on which I had been sitting on my knees.

I grunted from the pain and closed my eyes, hoping to god this was all just a nightmare and I would wake up in the boring town with boring people and scornful looks. Oh what I would give to hear the stern words of the people in my apartment, all mocking in disbelief of how I could be so damn cheerful in such a morose town.

I buried my face in the metal and tried desperately to figure out a way to escape.

"Hey kid," I heard the voice of the fire guy, I looked up and saw him grinning wildly, "Hiding in the ground isn't gonna make you disappear, you're gonna have to get used to it, the only one who can actually leave is the main guy, he's number 1 or something like that, his actual name is Xemnas, and I'm Axel," he said, he looked up at the big guy, "C'mon Lex, give him a break, he's new," Axel said.

"Fine, but if Xemnas gets after me for it I'm beating you to a bloody pulp," he snapped as he released my arms that he had pinned behind my back.

I pushed myself onto my knees and looked at Axel, "Why are you helping me?" I asked softly.

He chuckled and grinned, "Simple, we're a team now, and turning traitor on one another will do us no good, just do what Xemnas says and you should be able to survive here," he said smiling.

"Well what if I don't want to survive here?" I asked.

"Too bad," said a different voice, I looked and saw a silver haired guy whose bangs slid over his right eye, "You are now a member of the XIII Circles of Hell. Since you're nine, you're the Ninth Circle of Hell: Treason."

"Oh relax Zexion," Axel said as he stood up, burying his hands in his pockets, "It's not like that means anything," he laughed loudly.

"You only say that because you're the Eighth Circle of Hell: Fraud," Zexion replied.

"Well you're the Sixth Circle of Hell: Heresy," Axel replied, slightly biting.

"Well what about the other circles," I intervened calmly. They all looked at me as I stood up, "The ones after the Ninth Circle."

Axel bit his lip slightly, "You don't wanna know," he whispered softly before turning away and walking away.

I looked at Zexion who just shook his head, "You'll find out later," he muttered before leaving.

I looked up Lex who shrugged, "I'll take you back to your room," he said firmly.

"Can't I explore a little?" I asked, "If you want you can guard me to make sure I don't do anything stupid."

He looked away nervously, I waited patiently, "Fine, but if you do one wrong thing I'm knocking you out and taking you back to your room, got it?" he said sternly, getting his face close to mine.

"Okay, I've been warned, I'll behave," I said calmly.

He nodded once and stared down at me, I began to walk towards the nearby hallway. I could smell something delicious emitting from the hallway and I knew the kitchen was that way. My stomach growled hungrily and I licked my lips as I walked towards the kitchen.

I entered and found another stone room, however it was completely clean except for the counter space where there was a lot of food and cooking utensils in use. The voluptuous aroma was being emitted from the pot on the stove; I walked over to it and sniffed it.

Lex grabbed my shoulder and pulled me back, "I strongly suggest you leave the food alone, Xaldin is our only cook, and he is *very* picky on if someone touches his stuff in here," he warned me. I nodded and walked away from the kitchen quickly, I was starving, but I didn't want to be hated by a lot of people on my first day.

I wandered silently through the giant place; it was almost like a castle that twisted into the ground. I placed my hands behind my back and entwined my fingers as I strutted calmly through the halls. Analyzing each room closely and carefully; examining every detail for later scrutinizing.

I sighed and yawned a little, "Time for you to go back to your room, Demyx," Lex said, he sounded a little groggy and I looked back at him, he was slumped slightly and I nodded once.

"Very well," I muttered as I followed him peacefully. He peeked back at me occasionally, probably checking to make sure I was still there.

We got to the staircase and he stepped aside for me to go first. I went quickly; my feet slapped against each stone step, causing it to echo ahead of me.

Lex followed behind me, trying to keep up with my quick pace. I wasn't sure if I liked it here or not. I didn't know any of these people, I wasn't sure if I wanted to know them or not. Axel didn't seem that bad, but that was probably because we seemed to have a common interest.

But this place. Why had it been made? What was its purpose? As it was I didn't like it, either just because I was forced to join, or because now I had no freewill and my pendent was gone.

I felt a psychotic grin cross my lips, I was Treason; I was what I wanted to be...treasonous. I quickly forced my elation to fade from my face and strained to compose a glum expression. As it was, beneath my composure, a plan was forming.